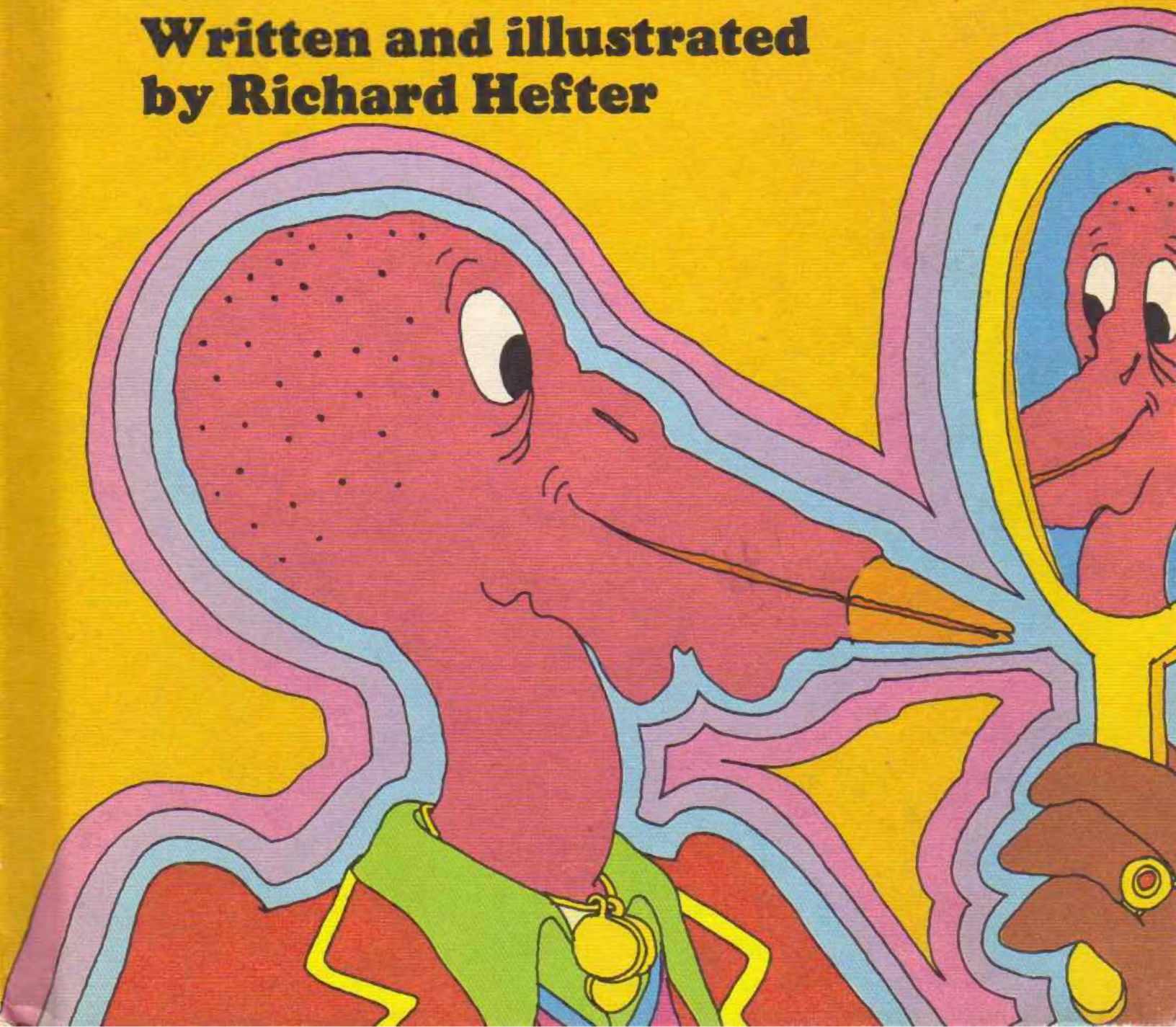




# KISS ME, I'M VULTURE

**Written and illustrated  
by Richard Hefter**







IT'S YOUR FAULT !

EXCUSE ME.

I'LL FIX IT.

I'M HUNGRY.

I DOUBT IT.

ACCUSING  
ALLIGATOR

BASHFUL  
BEAR

CLEVER  
CAMEL

DOUBTFUL  
DOG

ENORMOUS  
ELEPHANT



HAW, HAW!

I LOVE YOU ?

SIGH...

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

NYAAH!

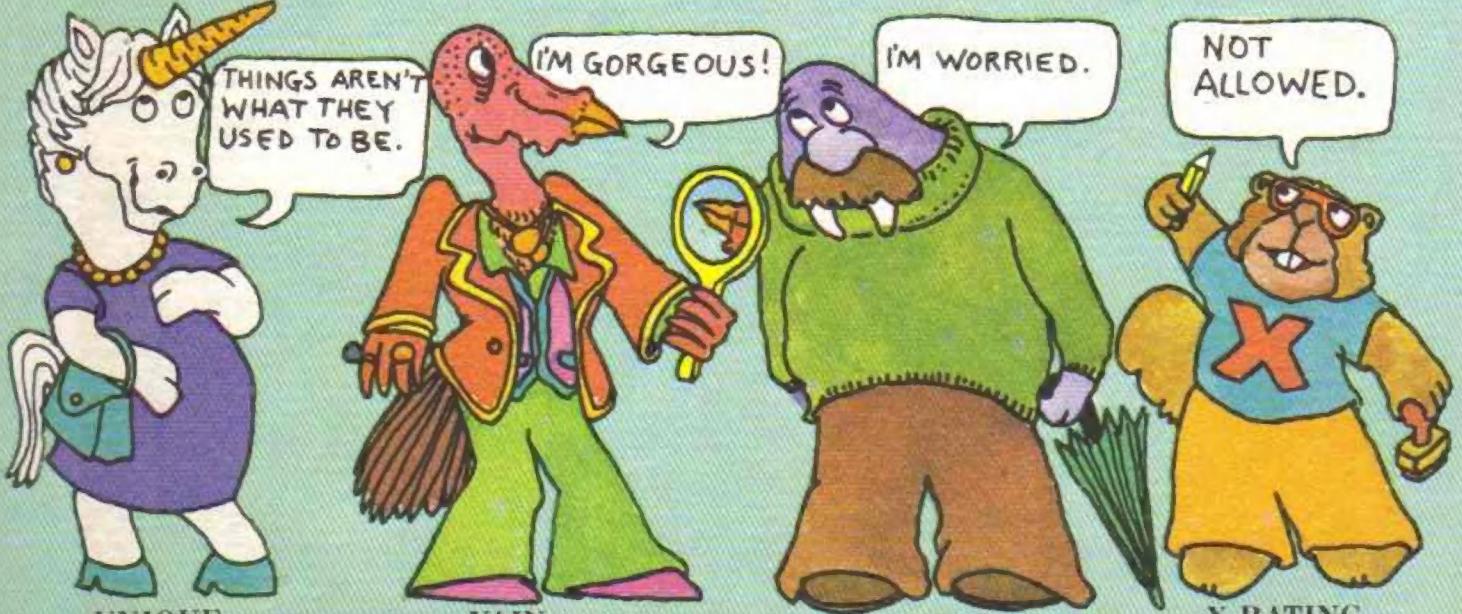
KIDDING  
KANGAROO

LOVING  
LION

MOODY  
MOOSE

NASTY  
NIGHTINGALE

OUTRAGED  
OCTOPUS



THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

I'M GORGEOUS!

I'M WORRIED.

NOT ALLOWED.

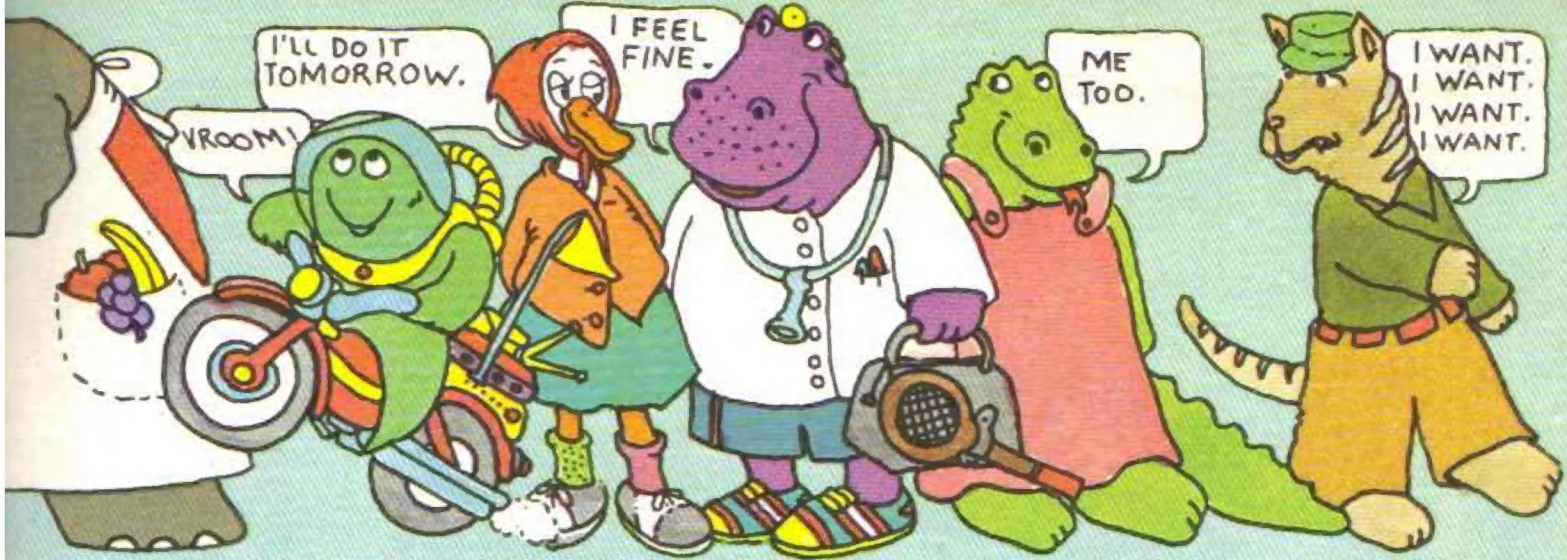
UNIQUE  
UNICORN

VAIN  
VULTURE

WORRIED  
WALRUS

X-RATING  
XERUS





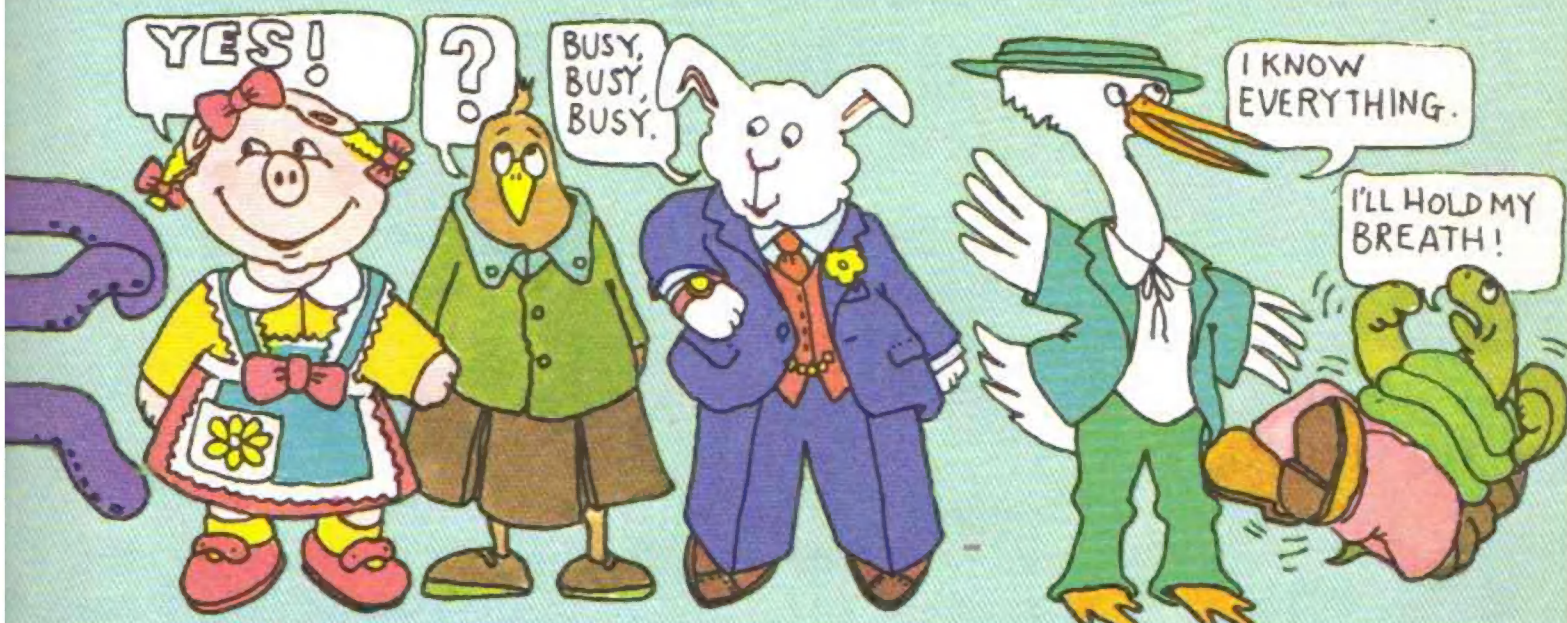
FEARLESS  
FISH

GOOF-OFF  
GOOSE

HEALTHY  
HIPPO

IMITATING  
IGUANA

JEALOUS  
JACKAL



POSITIVE  
PIG

QUESTIONING  
QUAIL

RESPONSIBLE  
RABBIT

SMARTY  
STORK

TEMPER TANTRUM  
TURTLE



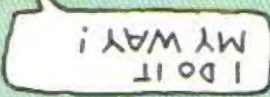
YAKETY  
YAK

ZANY  
ZEBRA

HERE THEY ARE



All twenty-six of them  
in stories with giggles  
and tickles and awful pickles







**THIS**



**BOOK  
BELONGS TO**

---

In the world of *Sweet Pickles*, each animal gets into a pickle because of an all too human personality trait.

This book is about Vain Vulture who thinks he is better than anyone else.

Books in the Sweet Pickles Series:

**WHO STOLE ALLIGATOR'S SHOE?  
SCAREDY BEAR  
FIXED BY CAMEL  
NO KICKS FOR DOG  
ELEPHANT EATS THE PROFITS  
FISH AND FLIPS  
GOOSE GOOFS OFF  
HIPPO JOGS FOR HEALTH  
ME TOO IGUANA  
JACKAL WANTS MORE  
WHO CAN TRUST YOU, KANGAROO?  
LION IS DOWN IN THE DUMPS  
MOODY MOOSE BUTTONS**

**NUTS TO NIGHTINGALE  
OCTOPUS PROTESTS  
PIG THINKS PINK  
QUAIL CAN'T DECIDE  
REST RABBIT REST  
STORK SPILLS THE BEANS  
TURTLE THROWS A TANTRUM  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY UNICORN  
KISS ME, I'M VULTURE  
VERY WORRIED WALRUS  
XERUS WON'T ALLOW IT!  
YAKETY YAK YAK YAK  
ZIP GOES ZEBRA**



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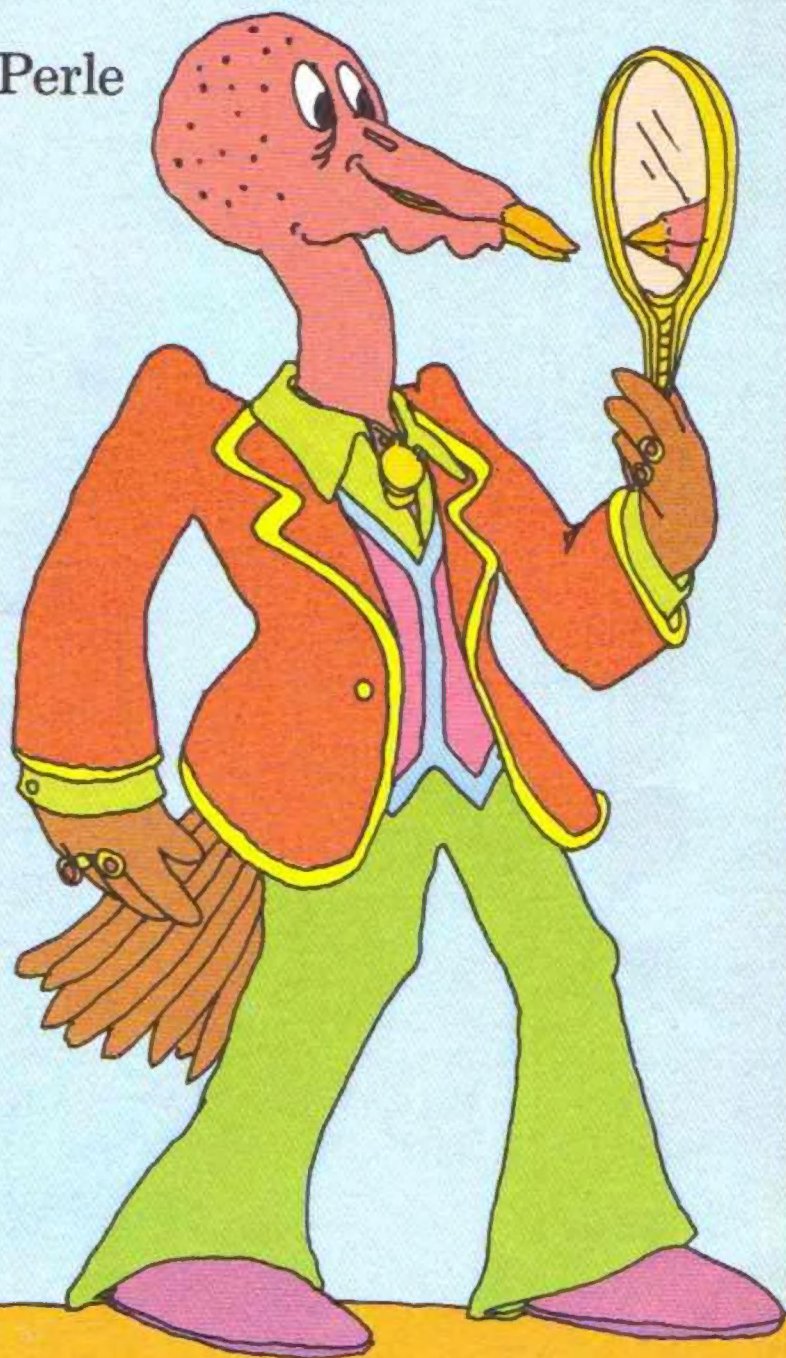
Weekly Reader Books' Edition



Weekly Reader Books presents

# KISS ME, I'M VULTURE

Written and illustrated by  
Richard Hefter  
Edited by Ruth Lerner Perle



Holt, Rinehart and Winston • New York



Vulture was admiring himself in the mirror when he overheard Lion talking to Walrus.

"Oh, dear," sighed Walrus. "We really have something to worry about!"

"Don't be silly," smiled Lion. "It's easy. All we have to do is find someone to lead the Harvest Parade."



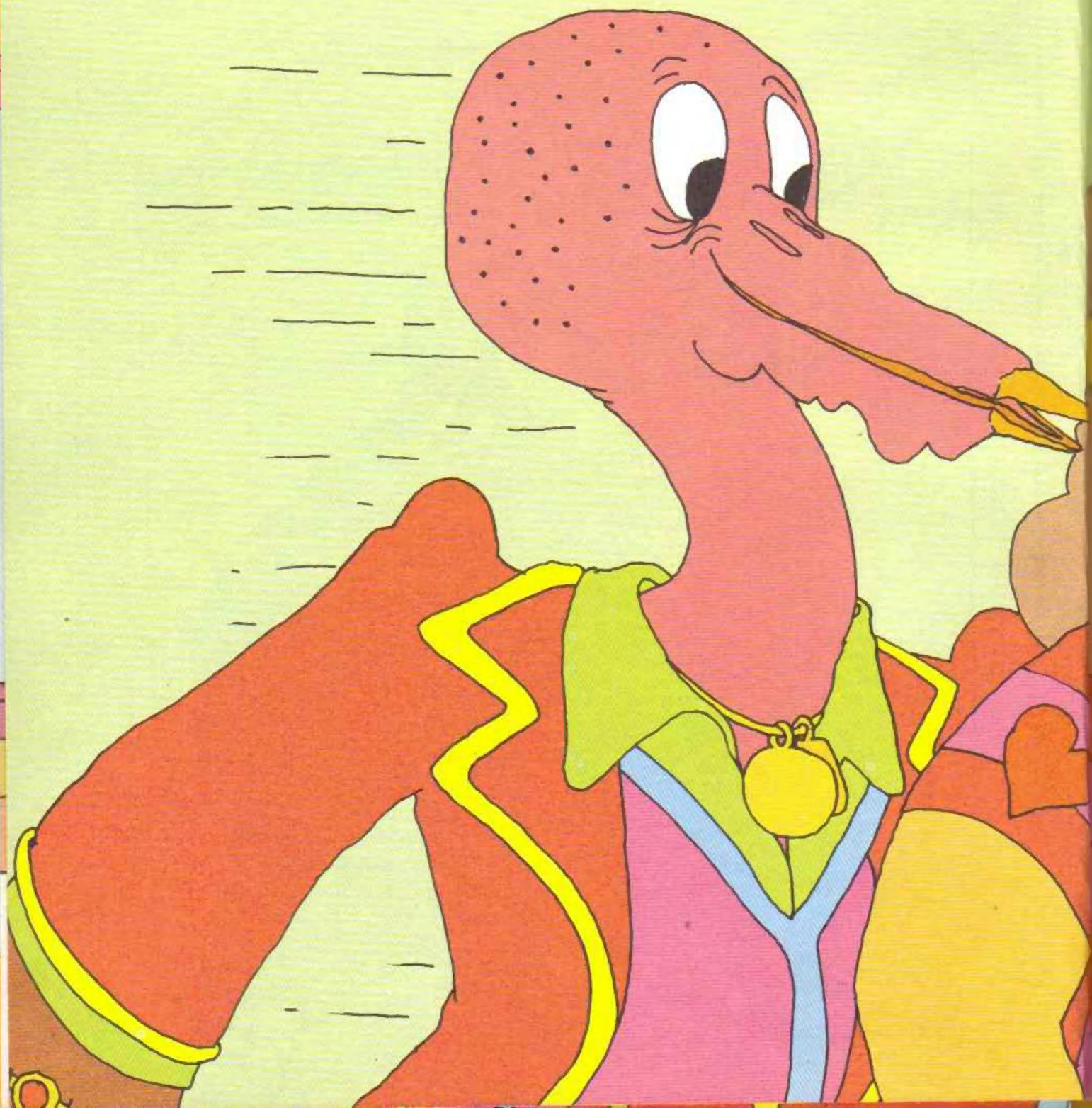


"Oh, my," moaned Walrus. "Why did we ever let ourselves get talked into organizing the parade? Suppose something goes wrong? Suppose it rains? What if nobody shows up to watch? Suppose it gets cold? And, worst of all, what if we can't find anybody to lead the parade?"





"Stop that worrying right now," sighed Lion.  
"Everything will work out just fine. Everyone  
is looking forward to the parade. All we need  
to do now is find someone to stand out in front of  
the parade in the costume and lead us down Main Street."





Vulture rushed over to them.

"I couldn't help overhearing your little problem, friends," said Vulture. "Maybe I can help you find just the right one to lead your parade."

"That's all right, Vulture," smiled Lion. "I don't think we need any help."

"On the contrary," screeched Vulture, "help is just what you need. You are obviously having trouble making up your minds."





Vulture threw his arm around Walrus.

"First," he said, "you need to find someone who is really impressive and handsome."

"Oh?" said Walrus.

"Yes!" cried Vulture. "Someone tall and strong and gorgeous."





Vulture stood on his tippy toes and preened himself.  
"You need a perfect specimen, a natural leader."  
"But, Vulture," cried Lion. "It's just a parade."





Vulture jumped up and down in front of Lion.  
“Just a parade!” he yelled. “Just a parade indeed!  
That’s the trouble around here. Nobody knows about  
making an impression. You guys are all so ordinary.  
What you need is someone *extraordinary*.”

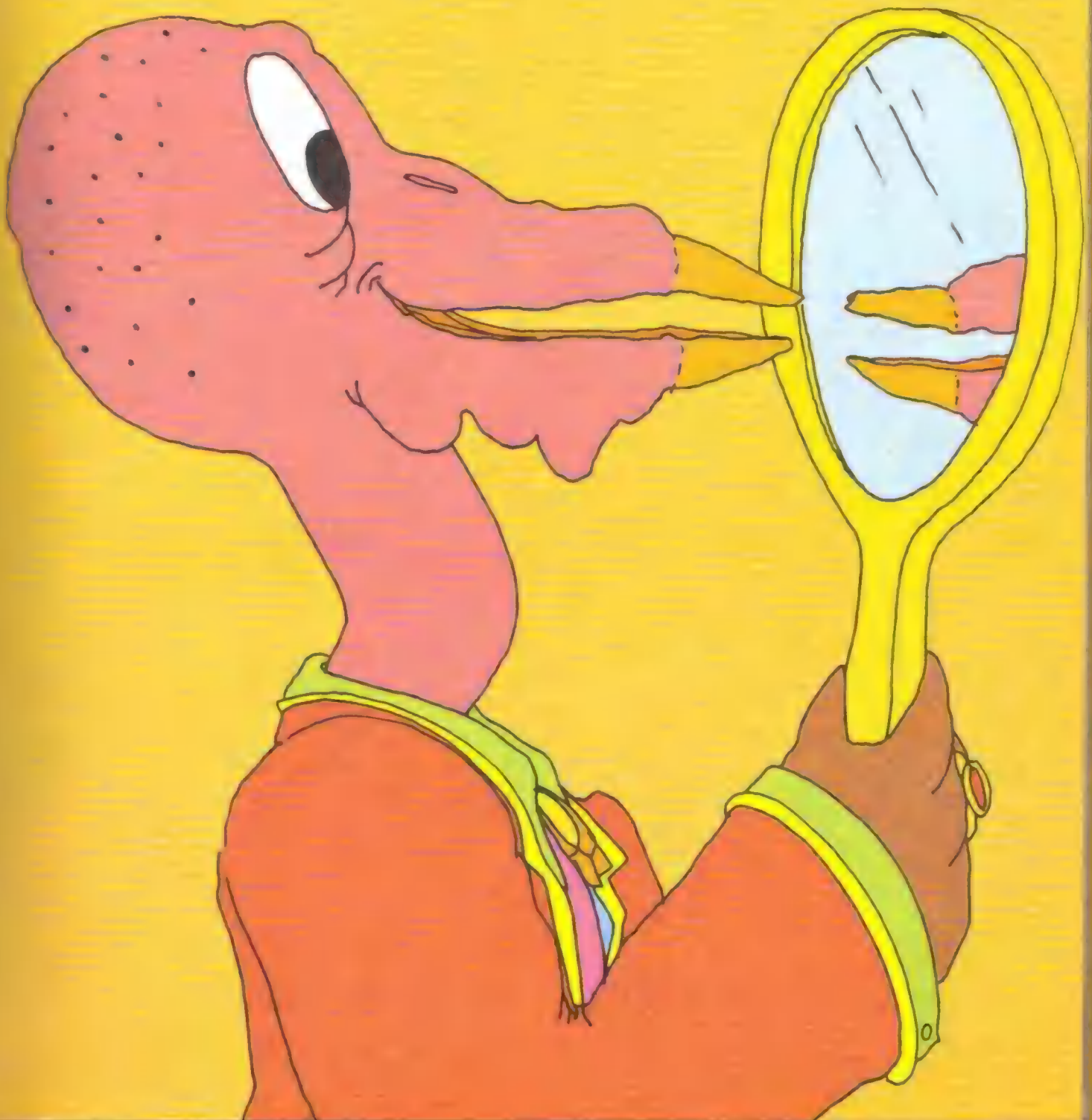




Vulture looked into his mirror.

"Someone strong! Someone handsome! A shining example to everyone. That's what you need to be the **LEADER** of the parade."

"But Vulture," moaned Walrus, "where are we ever going to find someone like that?"





"I know!" exclaimed Lion. "Camel is tall. Let's ask her to be the leader."





Vulture stretched himself up onto the tips of his toes. Then he pulled his neck straight and made himself as tall as he could.

"There!" he squawked. "See what I mean? I mean TALL!"

"Gee," moaned Walrus, as he looked up at Vulture. "Nobody in the whole town is **THAT** tall."





"How about handsome, then?" sighed Lion. "Maybe we could find someone handsome."

"Perfect," cooed Vulture. "Just perfect. You couldn't have picked a better quality. It's so important for you to find someone really handsome to lead the parade."





Vulture took out his mirror and began to admire himself. "And when it comes to handsome, you KNOW that there is no one around handsomer than....."

"Iguana!" shouted Lion. "With that long bumpy tail and her lovely green color, she's really handsome."

"NO, NO, NO!" screeched Vulture. "Iguana's all right—but I mean really HANDSOME!"

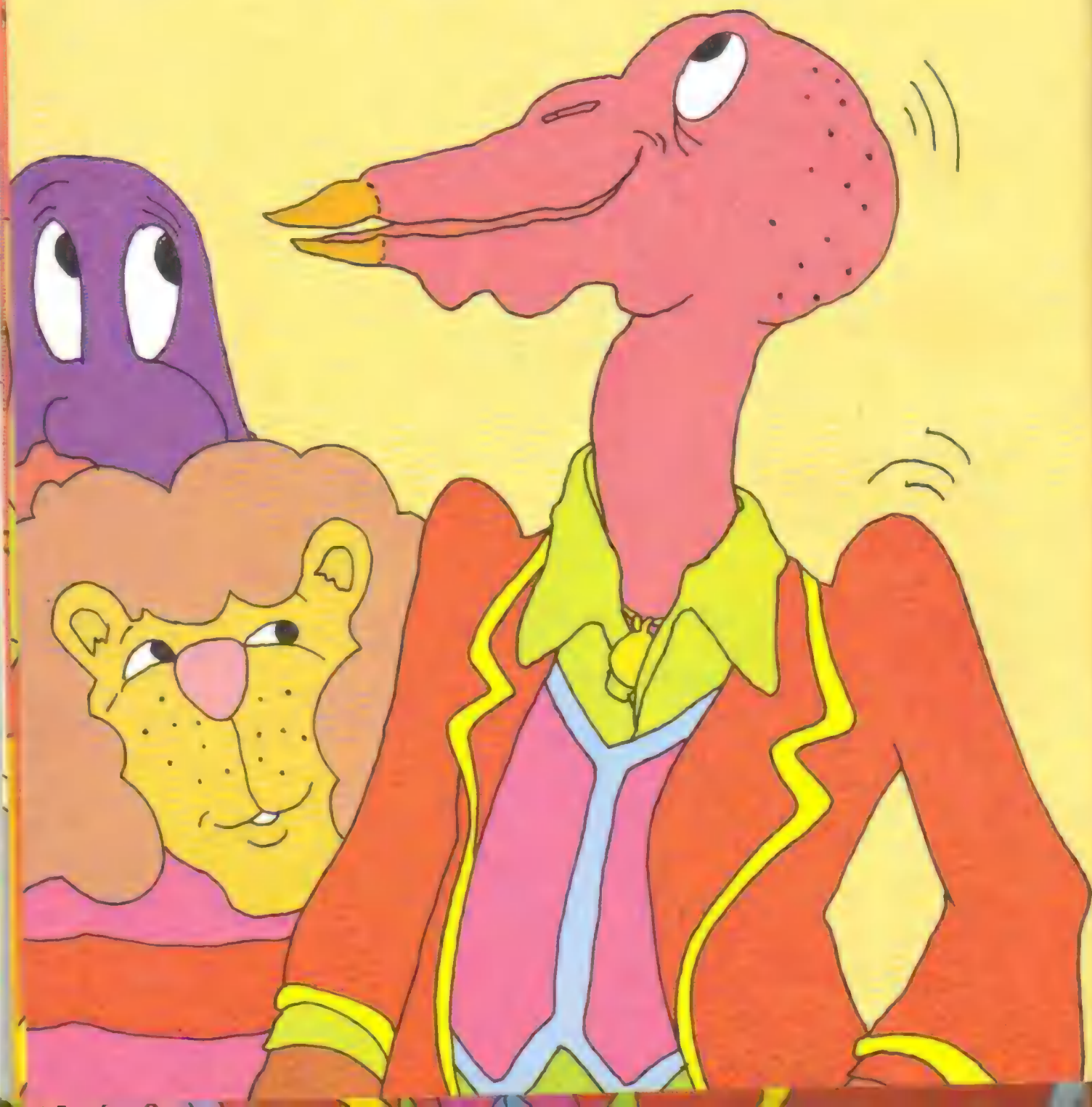




Vulture held himself straight, puffed out his chest and smiled his most dazzling Vulture smile. "See what I mean!" he shouted.

"Oh, dear," groaned Walrus, "nobody in town is THAT handsome. What are we going to do?"

"Hippo is impressive," smiled Lion. "And Elephant is strong."





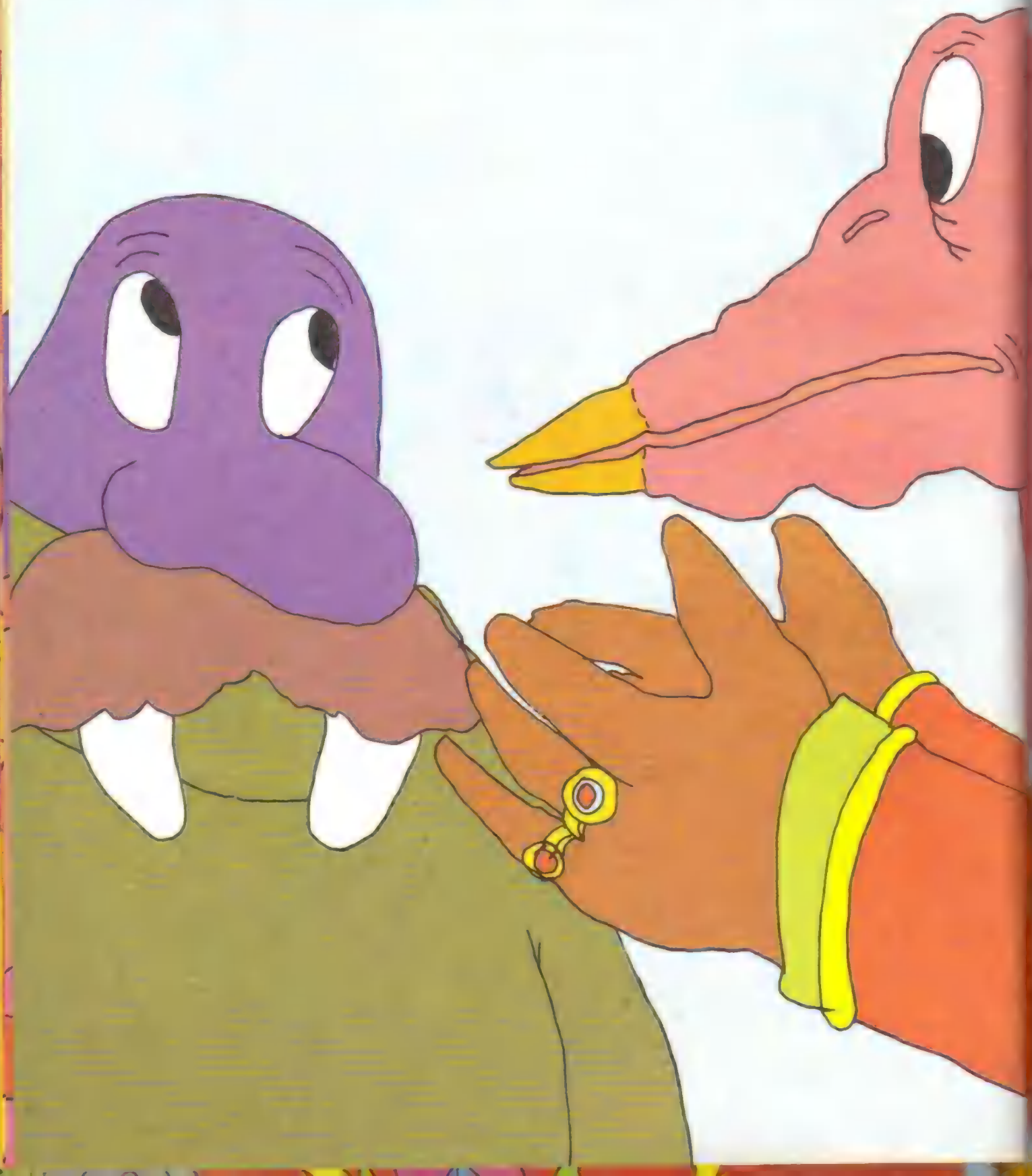
“Not as impressive as this!” shouted Vulture.  
“And not as strong as **THIS!**” Then he grabbed  
Lion and lifted him off the ground.  
“How about *this* for strong!”  
“You put me down right now!” yelled Lion.





Vulture put Lion down.

"I know," cried Walrus, "let's ask Rabbit to lead the parade. He dresses very well and always looks so neat."



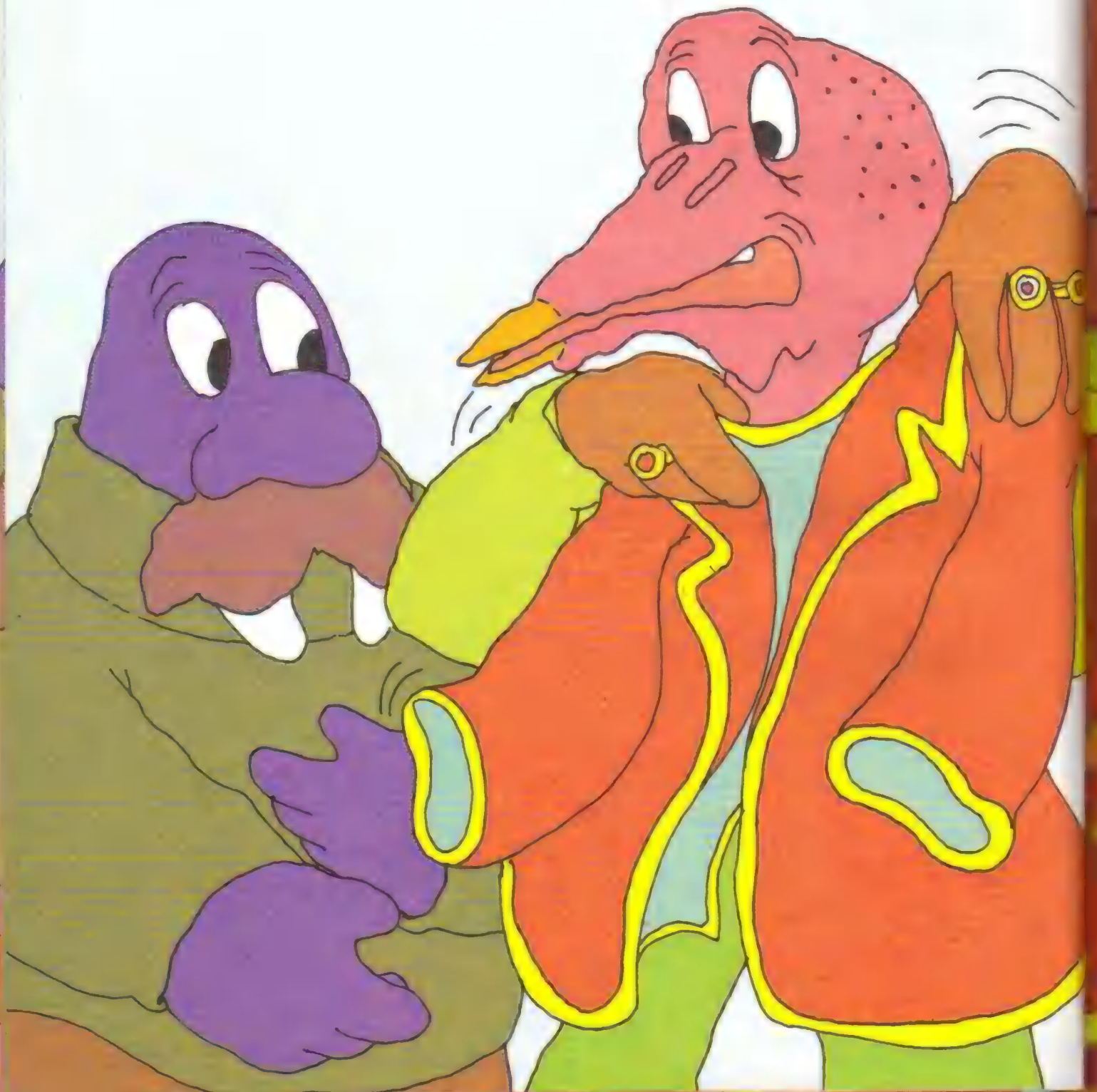


"NO! NO! NO!" screamed Vulture. "You can't be serious. You call that well dressed? All Rabbit ever wears is a plain blue suit and a red tie. What you need is someone with **STYLE** and **CLASS**!"





Vulture pulled off his red jacket.  
“Look at that jacket!” he screeched. “Look at the  
green lining. Look at the yellow piping! That’s style.  
That is class. Why, there is no one in this  
whole town with a sense of clothing as good as this.  
**NO ONE AROUND HERE DRESSES AS  
BEAUTIFULLY AS I DO!”**





Vulture jumped up and down.  
"NO ONE IN THIS WHOLE TOWN  
IS AS HANDSOME AS I AM!" he shouted.  
"AND NO ONE IS TALLER OR  
STRONGER OR MORE IMPRESSIVE OR MORE  
GORGEOUS! OOH, I COULD JUST KISS ME!"



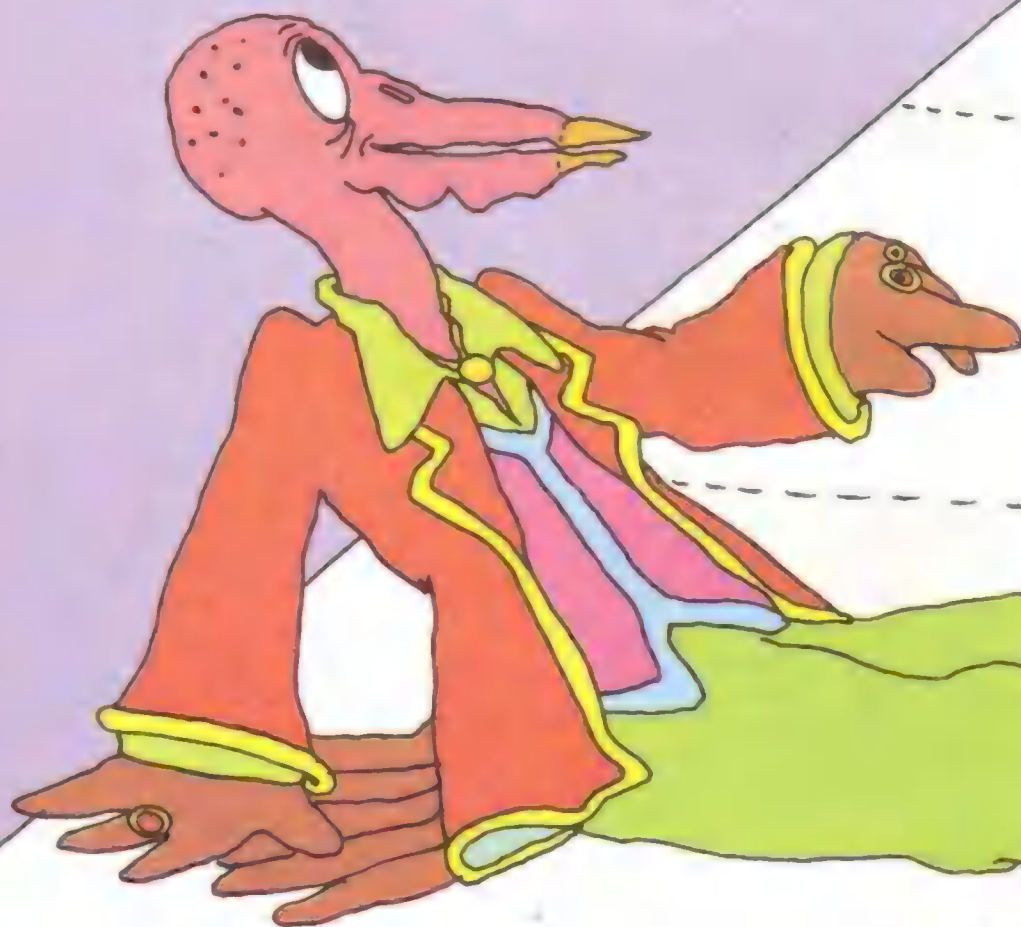


Vulture looked straight at Lion and Walrus.

He began to shout again.

**"I AM THE GREATEST AND THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL AND THE MOST WONDERFUL  
ONE IN THIS OR ANY OTHER TOWN AND  
THERE IS NO ONE ELSE YOU CAN POSSIBLY  
CHOOSE TO LEAD THE BIG PARADE!"**

Vulture sat down.





"Oh, dear," groaned Walrus. "If you feel that way about it, I guess it will be all right to let you lead the parade."

"Are you sure you want to?" asked Lion.

"You will have to wear the leader's costume, you know."





"Is there any doubt left in your mind?" cackled Vulture.  
"Show me my leader's costume  
and I'll show you how the most beautiful creature  
in town leads a parade!"

Lion and Walrus rushed off to get Vulture's  
parade costume.





All along Main Street, folks started to gather for the big parade.



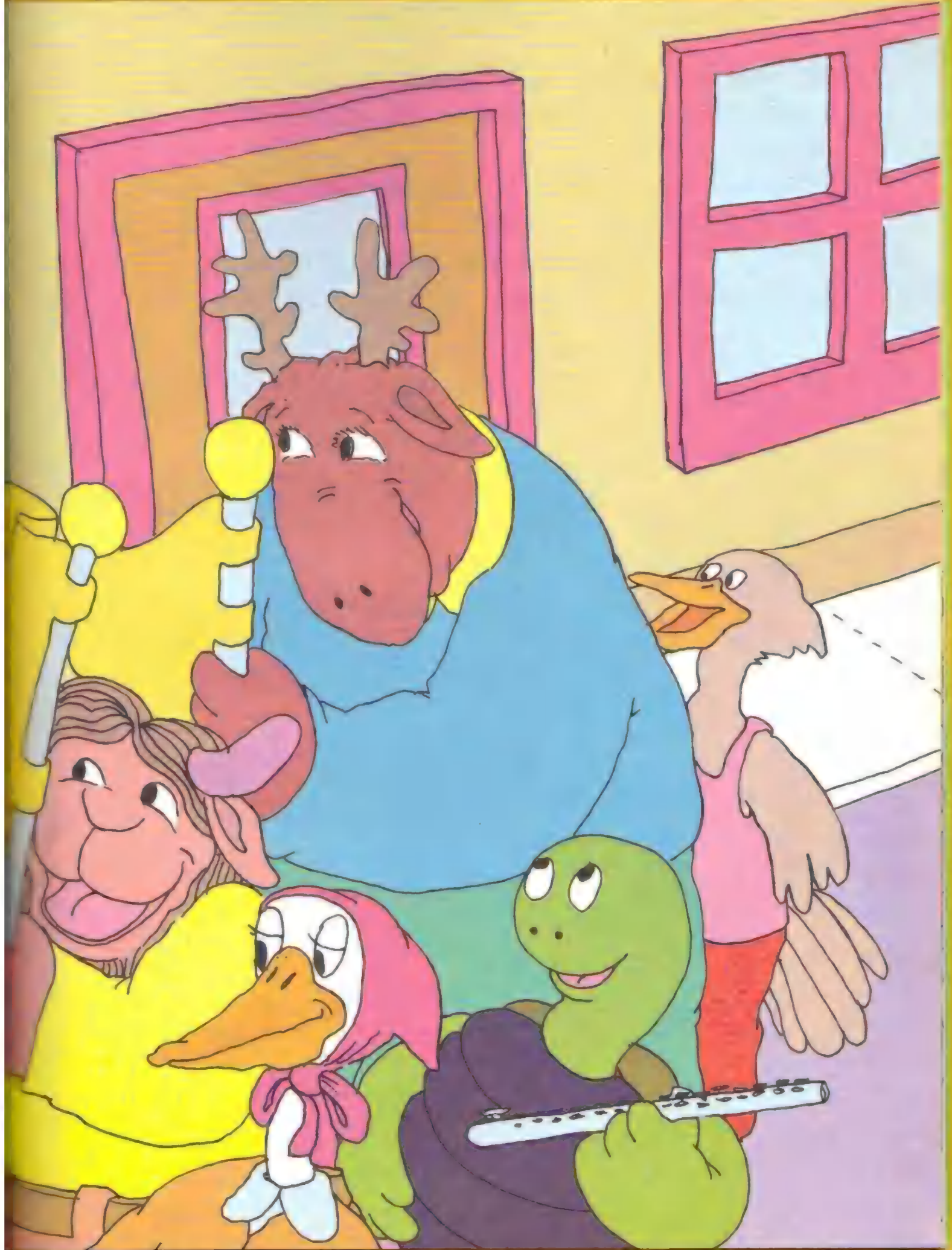


Elephant brought her trumpet. Rabbit had his drum.  
Goose and Moose and Yak were carrying a big banner.  
Turtle brought her flute.

Everyone was all dressed up. Everyone was  
clean and shiny. Even Nightingale looked her best.









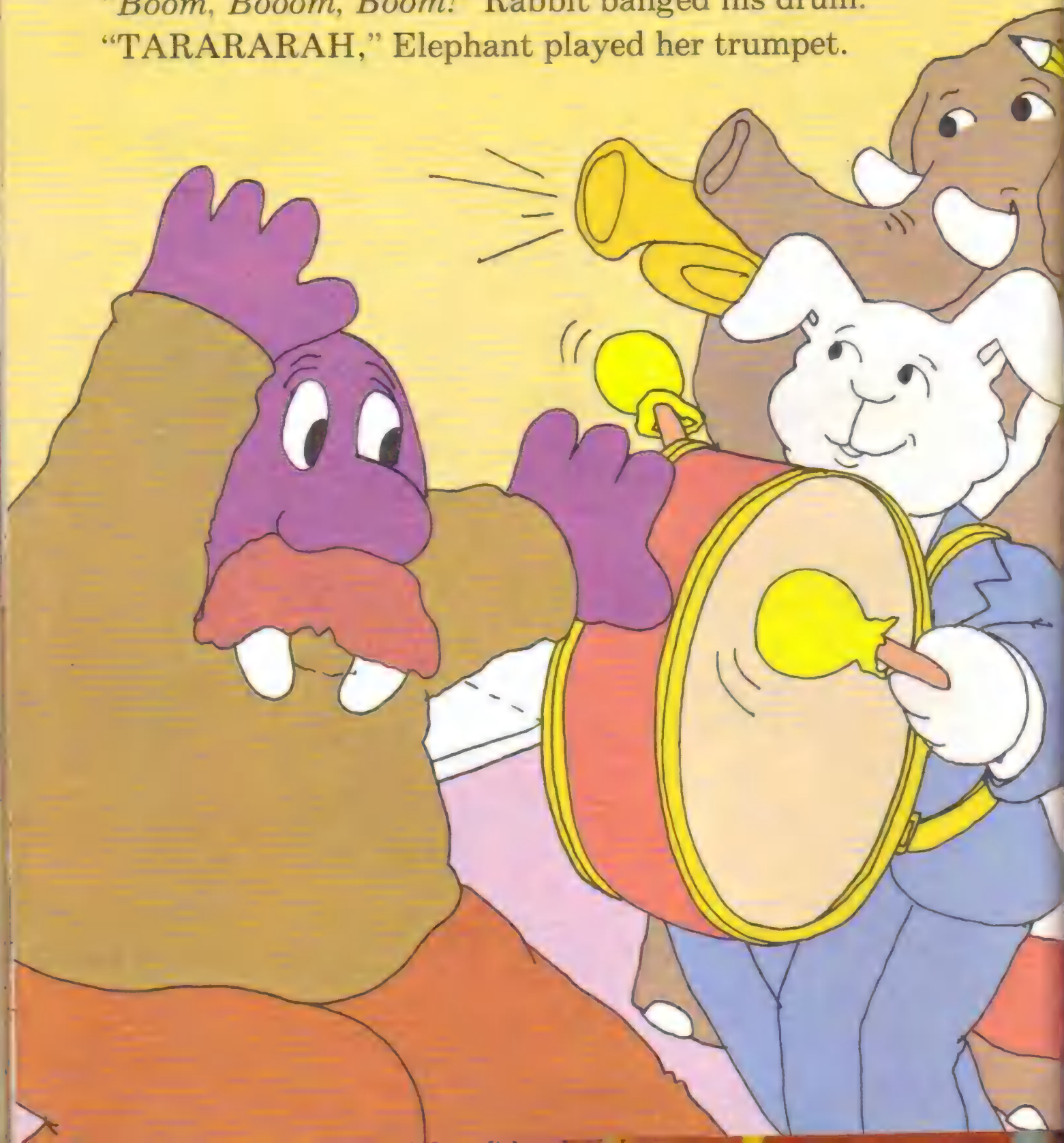
"We're all ready to march!" cried Rabbit.  
"Unfurl the banners! Strike up the band!  
Let's get going."

"Wait, wait," puffed Walrus as he came running up.

"Wait for the leader...he's coming now!"

"*Boom, Booom, Boom!*" Rabbit banged his drum.

"TARARARAH," Elephant played her trumpet.





Yak and Moose and Goose spread out their banner.  
It said: THE GREAT ANNUAL  
SWEET PICKLES HARVEST PARADE.

“What a wonderful idea for a parade!” exclaimed  
Quail. “But where is the leader?”

“Look!” cried Lion. “Here he comes now!”





Vulture came waddling around the corner.  
He was wearing his costume.  
He was dressed as a giant tomato.  
He was completely hidden inside the giant tomato.  
There was nothing showing but his beak and his feet.  
"HOORAY!" shouted everyone.  
The parade started.





"How did I ever get myself into this?"  
grumbled Vulture from inside the tomato.

"How could this happen to me?"

"You are just a natural leader I guess," smiled Lion.





"You're right!" exclaimed Vulture from inside the tomato. "And I'm the handsomest, tallest, strongest, most impressive, best dressed tomato you'll ever see!"



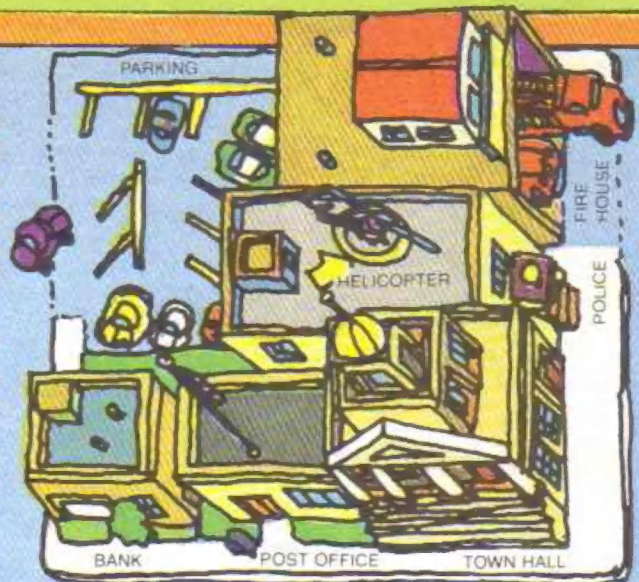








FIFTH STREET



FOURTH STREET



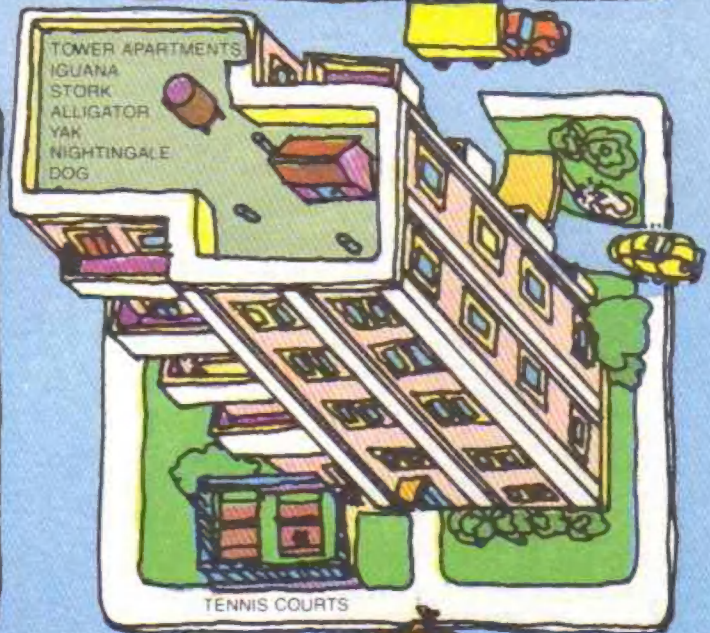
MAIN STREET



PARK AVENUE

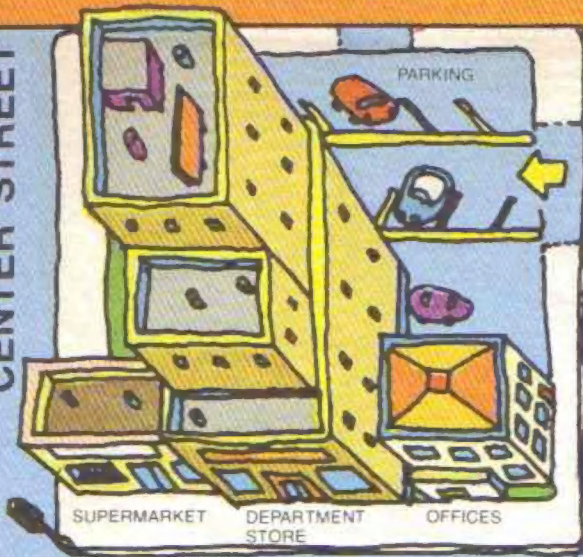


OLD RIVER ROAD

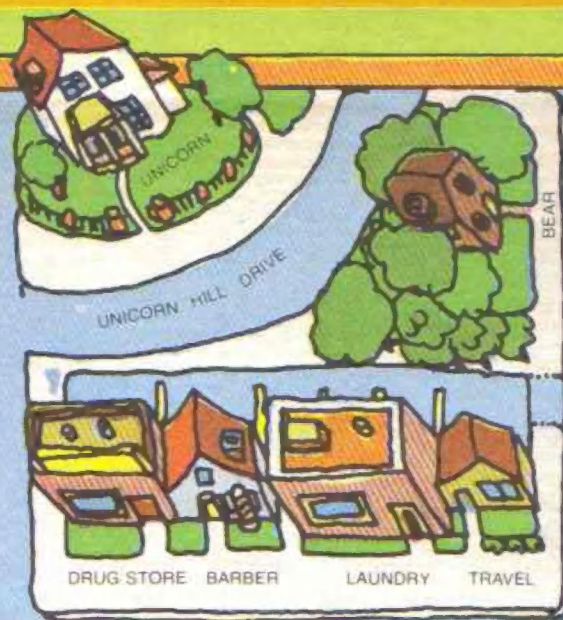




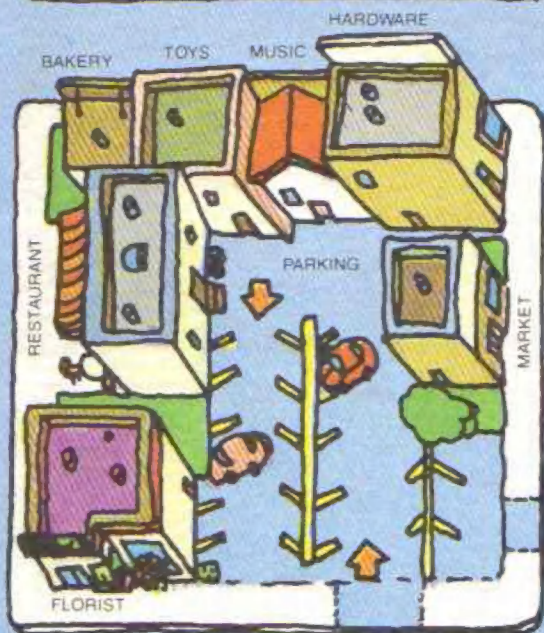
CENTER STREET



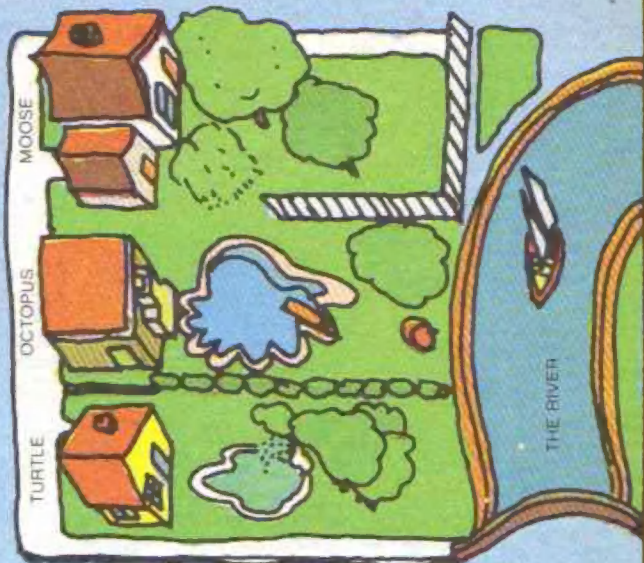
SIXTH STREET



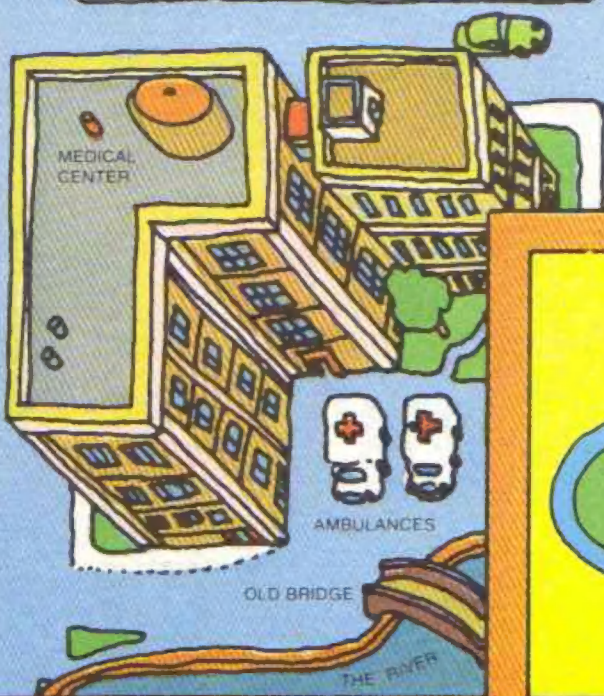
SEVENTH STREET



MAIN STREET



PARK AVENUE



WELCOME TO THE TOWN OF

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Where all twenty-six Sweet Pickles  
live and work and play



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